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The Californian

Formerly The Carmel Sun

The Californian was First Published in 1846 in Monterey and was the First Newspaper Published on the Pacific Coast

VOLUME NO. 4 CARMEL, CALIF., THURSDAY, NOV. 26, 1936 NUMBER 44

Editorial

CAN PARTY COME BACK—

Can a major party survive an election in which its officeholders—who are the sole source of the patronage that is so vital to any political machine—are reduced to the lowest number in history?

That question is now being considered privately by Republican leaders—and publicly by practically all of the country's publicists and political columnists.

Under the American elective system, a party can receive a respectable popular vote and still be out in the cold when the time comes for calling the roll in Congress, State legislatures and municipal councils. That is what happened to Republicans in the debacle of 1936. Governor Landon polled around 37 per cent of the popular vote—yet received only 1 1-2 per cent of the Electoral College vote. Republican candidates throughout the country polled about 17,000,000 votes as against about 27,000,000 for the Democrats—yet they were victorious in only a microscopic proportion of the contests.

The next congress, will answer the roll as follows: Democrats in the House, 334; Republicans, 89; Democrats in the Senate, 75; Republicans, 17.

So the party that received the largest vote ever accorded a losing ticket, got almost no where in attaining representation in high offices.

Leaders of the party thus say, with some justice, that our elective system is unfair to minorities. On the other hand, Democratic spokesmen say the Roosevelt victory is important not only because of the majorities attained, but because it extended to every section of the country and broke down long-established lines of partisan sympathy.

To get back to the original question, can the Republicans come back? Their party heads say they will.

Among non-partisan commentators opinion is that the party has a good chance to come back—but that considerable reorganization must take place, a new and aggressive program must be adopted, and new faces must replace some familiar ones in party councils. One leading Republican, Representative Fish of New York, has already demanded that present party heads resign.

What will happen remains to be seen. The hard fact is that no major party ever was at so low a state as the GOP at present—the Democrats in their hungriest days always had a large representation in Congress, governorships, state legislatures, municipal councils, etc. But politics is a surprising game—and the unprecedented can always occur. One guess as to what will happen to the two-party system in the next four years is as good as another.

Birds usually complete their nests the day before the first egg is laid.

RED CROSS ROLL CALL OVER TOP WEDNESDAY

The Carmel Red Cross Roll Call and Relief campaign went over the top Wednesday in a manner that shows the generosity of Carmel folks and their warm feeling for Red Cross.

By noon $3700 was reported and at that time over 700 members had enrolled for 1937. This exceeds all previous efforts in this district and is a tribute to those in charge of local chapter activities.

The campaign organization made a most careful canvass of the entire district in extending the invitation to "Join Red Cross." Many people were not contacted but they have an opportunity to join now by dropping in at permanent headquarters on Dolores street or sending their contribution through the mail to Carmel Chapter.

"I have a most loyal group of men and women assisting me in this campaign effort," stated Mrs. John Herbert Morse. "They have been painstaking in their work and given willingly of their time to build up quota for our 1937 budget. This means that those in distress in Carmel and vicinity will be given proper care during the next year and at the same time American Red Cross will receive an added membership."

Dorothy S. Smith of Monterey was taken to the hospital for emergency treatment for injuries received when the car in which she was riding was struck by a wheel which came loose from a truck driven by Alfred Petty of Carmel, as he was driving down Carmel Hill. The Smith car was traveling up the hill and was damaged so badly it had to be towed to a garage. The truck did not travel far before it stopped.

Beginning Next Week The Californian

will publish serially one of the most absorbing and thought provoking narratives ever offered for publica-

BY

MARTIN MEYERS

WRITTEN IN 1950

A study in retrospect, impartial and without prejudice. It is suggested that our readers take each number of The Californian in order to have a complete series of this important chronicle. We are sure after reading you will appreciate and know your country as never before.

P. T. A. FOOD SALE IS SUCCESSFUL AFFAIR

Workers in the Carmel P. T. A. are delighted with the success of their food sale held last Saturday, having made more than $200 for their fund. The turkey brought in $60 and was purchased by Arthur Withey on Dolores street.

Rumor has it that Mr. Withey had just started up to town to get some food to serve unexpected company when the turkey was delivered at his door.

PENINSULA REALTORS MEET IN CARMEL

The Realtors association of the Monterey Peninsula met for luncheon at Whitney's Tuesday at noon. One of the most interesting things that took place was the turning over to all agents the sale of the Mission tract.

DEPRESSION OVER AT DEL MONTE HOTEL, IT SEEMS

Seven hundred guests registered at Hotel Del Monte for the week-end and more than 1,000 made reservations for the dinner and dance Saturday evening. These due to Big Game, to a large extent.

And now comes the opening of the Del Monte polo season, December 1st and the hotel will again be a popular place. Due to arrive soon are Steven (Laddie) Sanford and wife. Already here are Mr. and Mrs. Terence Q. Preese and Godfrey Preese of Westbury, Long Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Burge drove up to San Francisco last week-end and from there Mrs. Burge went to Ashland, Oregon, with her sister in order to look after property interests there. She will return home in about two weeks.

The one and only Tom Mix was a guest last week of Colonel John Cocke, the two having been boyhood friends in the east. Mix took his daughter, a student at Douglass school in Pebble Beach to the big game Saturday.

Mrs. Edgar McLeod gave a delightful luncheon Friday at her home on Crespi Lane, complimenting Mrs George T. Blair of San Francisco. Mrs. Blair was a house guest of Mrs. Millicent Sears at the Highlands Studio.

Sunbeams

NOUVEAU RICHE—

Every community has one or more exhibits of the Nouveau Riche. Wherever found they follow certain conventions and habits. They are a type and are more abundant in America than in any other part of the world. The parvenu pattern never varies. They are slaves to traditions and customs. The parvenu cannot any more help being what he is and doing what he does than the lemming can resist the migratory urge or the salmon the anadromous instinct.

Americans are to some extent parvenus by heritage. The United States is a parvenu nation. It never achieved greatness or wealth. Prodigal Nature in one of her most exuberant moods endowed America with wealth. It was stored here in profuse abundance. The mountains, valleys, rivers, plains and even down deep in the earth riches and resources abounded. Fortunes sprang from the earth like the agarics on a moist, mild morning. The Nouveau Riche became populous and plentiful. Overnight or in a day men catapulted from poverty to opulence. Many of these parvenus were crude and uncultured. Sudden wealth brought out the worst that was in them. The same thing is going on today but in a more limited extent and by different processes. Igolos marry rich and racy widows to burgeon forth as parvenus of the most offensive kind.

The Nouveau Riche by marriage comprehends a numerous colony. Almost invariably it provokes an exaggerated ego and a snobbish arrogance. There is some justification for the parvenu ostentation and vulgar pursuit of pleasure and publicity. The actuaries have not compiled any exact record of their average expectancy of life but it is known to be very brief. It is a rare instance that the parvenu ever passes any wealth to his progeny. Usually they die poor themselves. Park benches in every city are worn smooth by men who once rode in state behind liveried coachmen.

It seems to be a universal law; come easy go easy. Only that which is acquired by hard struggle and merit has any permanence. Wealth and prosperity are ephemeral things. The experience of centuries has not taught man the secret of safeguarding his possessions. ultures and vam-

(Continued on next page)

The Californian
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SUNBEAMS

(Continued from page one)

pires hover always over him.

It is more true of nations. Supremacy can only be held by eternal vigilance and by courageous conduct. Demagogues, charlatans and parasitic politicians fasten themselves like leaches to the corporate body. They suck out the liteblood and pollute the stream of circulation. The Noveau Riche are peculiarly vulnerable. Wealth provides no security. It increases every hazard.

Less than a decade ago we considered ourselves as holding the key to the granaries, storehouses and vaults of the world. We were supreme in the manufacturing field. Our flag flew in the seven seas and our ships were to be found in every harbor. Not true today.

We have lost control of cotton, wheat, corn and meat products. Japan is producing everything she needs and is capturing our trade in all markets. Even selling to us many staples which they formerly imported.

Argentine is exporting us grain and meats.

We are buying manganese ore from Russia.

We are rapidly acquiring ghost towns like Amoskeag where vast factories once thrived and a large population prospered.

About the only thing we excel in at this time is Labor disturbance. We hold the world's record for strikes, lockouts, picketing and riots. This may be the proper method to keep America prosperous and maintain our standards of living but it does not seem sound or sensible. We have more puny, nitwit, corrupt politicians than all other nations combined. We delegate to morons, mediocres and mountebanks the control of our civic and public affairs. It is the Nouveau Riche impulse in us. We swagger, show off and squander. The parvenu instinct is stronger than our stability and reason. We have a "Nite Club" culture and a jazz appreciation.

Rudy Vallee earns more than any scientist in America. Bing Crosby pays more income tax than the earnings of the most profound scholar in our land. This is not said in disparagement of these two amiable gentlemen but mentioned merely to illustrate our parvenu predilections.

Only hard work can save America. We need more sweat and less leisure.

Nuqqets

Mr. and Mrs. Hal Bragg not only attended the Big Game Saturday but also attended the 20th annual reunion of the 1916 graduates of U.S.C.

All Saints' Guild will hold a bazaar and food sale December 10 in the Carmel Garage on Ocean avenue. Lots of good things to eat and lots of lovely Chistmas gifts.

School youngsters on the peninsula have a full week's vacation, due to Thanksgiving, but not so the teachers, who attended the central section of Teachers' Institute at Santa Cruz Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidne Fish are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Aiden Roark at their lovely country home in the valley.

Among the hundreds of people from Carmel and vicinity who attended the big game Saturday were seen the following: Hal Bragg and wife; Lloyd Weer and wife; Ivy Van Cott; Don L. and Bill Staniford; Miss Georgia Ranney; Miss Mary Louise Parsons; William O'Donnell and wife; Lyle Stoney; Miss Helen Newmark; S. F. B. Morse and wife; Allen Griffin and wife; Miss Mary Abbott, and Winston Frost.

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Tyrell-Martin and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. A. Smith were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Buckley, Jr., of San Francisco at dinner at Del Monte lodge Sunday evening.

M. de Neale Morgan and George Seidneck are among artists whose pictures were chosen to hang in the office of Monterey City Manager Pardee. Miss Morgan has two paintings, one of an early day fiesta and the other a marine. Seidneck's picture is of the original Colton hall. Other artists represented are William Larille and Evelyn McCormick.

Mrs. Althea McGarraugh is improved and able to go out riding after quite a long illness. She hopes to be able to enjoy Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McGrury who are having the family dinner at their home this year.

Mrs. Mary Morton returned home Monday from a visit with friends in San Francisco. While there she attended the opening of the bridge, and states she "wouldn't have missed it for a million dollars." Mrs. Morton said it took the car in which she was riding two and one-half hours to pass over the bridge from the time they entered the approach.

If you have a home for a nice dog which has been abandoned, you can locate him in the vicinity of Lincoln near Santa Lucia if you go before Sunday. He is particularly fond of children.

Barney Bracisco, Fred Leidig and Bob Leidig went quail shooting in the Jolon country. Each bagged the limit.

A night alarm this week called the firemen to the Smoke House on Ocean avenue where it was discovered that a pile of waste papers were burning, set, it is thought, by a cigarette carelessly tossed. Not much damage was done.

Major and Mrs. Ralph Coote have as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Coote, their son and wife, of London, England, who plan to spend the winter here.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Raine are entertaining Mrs. R. L. D'Arcy of Kingman, Ariz, Mrs. Raine's mother, who will stay through the holidays.

Carmel visitors include Mrs. Emma Russell and daughter, Anne, of Santa Cruz; Mrs. Dorothy Sillman of Alameda; Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Upjohn of Plandome, Long Island; Ellery Merrick and son, Ellery, Jr., of San Francisco; Miss Leona Roberts and Miss Arlene Wells of Fresno, and Wright Penning of Berkeley.

Carmel friends will miss Mr. and Mrs. August Wellman who have returned to their home in San Francisco after spending three months here.

After a six weeks' vacation in Carmel, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gibbs have returned to their home in Portland, Ore.

"When I get to heaven, I'm going to tell Bill Shakespeare that I don't believe he ever wrote all those plays."

"Suppose he don't happen to get to heaven?"

"In that case, you can tell him."

Next to Cuba, India is much the largest producer of sugar in the world.

The judge let the chicken thief go because he was deaf—he said you couldn't convict a man without a hearing.

FOR SALE

Hunting lodge and ranch for sale. 320 acres, good hunting, plenty of deer and quail, lots of water with 3 cabins and plenty of improvements. One of best hunting ranches in county. Must see owner, John Ventura, San Ardo, Calif. 5tp

BAY BRIDGE TRAFFIC REGULATIONS LISTED

Driving over the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, motorists are subject to some special regulations in addition to the usual rules of the road for highway travel. Important and interesting regulations for Bay Bridge traffic are reviewed by the California State Automobile Associationas follows:

No "U" turns will be permitted on the bridge. Every vehicle passing signs indicating entrances to the bridge immediately becomes subject to the prescribed toll.

Speed regulations are those set up in the Vehicle Code. Emphasis is given by the bridge regulations to the state law prohibiting driving at such a slow speed as to impede the normal flow of traffic. Maximum highway speed regulations, of course also apply.

Motorists can not stop or park on the bridge but must keep moving.

Should a car become stalled, towing service will be supplied by the Division of Highways at double the vehicle toll.

Gas will be supplied to stalled vehicles at 30c per gallon.

No tire changes or repairs will be permitted on the bridge except by permission and under direction of a

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Full information may be obtained from Fred Strong at the post office.

Senior welding engineer; welding engineer.

DEER KILL ANNOUNCED

Susanville—Results of the deer survey made through six checking stations conducted in the Lassen National Forest during the 1936 hunting season revealed that a total of 1,687 deer was checked out of the forest. Although the number of hunters entering the forest declined in comparison with 1935, there was a slight increase in the number of deer shot. The total taken out last season was 1,630.

If Thanksgiving's Here, Christmas Is Not far Behind

And you should begin now to shop for Christmas and save the last minute wear and tear.

What could be better for the feminine members of your household than an order for a permanent? Give HER one and see her eyes shine.

Or, how about a gift of a series of facials, or a set of cosmetics? We're telling you, it's the way to a woman's heart.

Marie McFarland's Beauty Studio
Through the Patio at Dolores and Seventh

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY
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The New Ball Room Dances
As taught at the Dancing Master's convention in San Francisco recently.
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New Tango
Eleanor Powell Routines
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Residence Phone 23J
Boy Scout House, Tues., Thurs., Sat.

Der Ling Oriental Shop
New Shipments of Christmas Goods Arriving Daily.
Ocean avenue between Dolores and Lincoln
Unique
Smart
Inexpensive

Milk, Cream, Buttermilk, Butter
DELIVERED TWICE DAILY
COUNTER SERVICE
ICE CREAM SOFT DRINKS
CANDY BARS CIGARETTES
McDonald's Dairy Phone 700
Corner San Carlos Street South of Ocean

Fast and Fancy

By Ye Country Correspondent

Everybody is always thinking about this time of the year what they are thankful for. Just to be Carmelitish, and "Different," I found out what one person is un-thankful for.

Fred Decker at the Purity Store is un-thankful that he waited so long to start building on his lots in Carmel Woods that it will now cost him double to provide that home. Provide a home for whom, Fred?

It pays to advertise. Mrs. Mathiot herself called 70 and invited me to a big Thanksgiving turkey dinner, And I am unthankful that I can't be in two places at once. But I worked her to let me come out next Sunday and sit at that long dining table and rake off huge helpings of good eats when the platter goes round.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Phillips are thankful that they have relatives this year. What fun! Going to Southern California showing off their infant and bragging on how smart he is (going to be). He can say "Da, Da," already.

Went home and had a good cry yesterday. As I passed in front of Staniford's I heard somebody say, "There goes the writer of that column in The Californian." And what do you thing some old meanie said? "You don't mean to tell me that's Sir Puppy Pooch. How interesting."

Went up last week and had Leota Tucker make me one of those Translites and now people can just see right through me.

They say Rene Moore just "adores" crowds. How can she keep track of herself is more than I can figure out. What if some one would lay a newspaper down over her. After all, it is the spirit that counts, not stature, and Rene has plenty of spirit.

Isabel Totten is thankful she had the flu. It feels so good to get over it.

John Jordan is thankful the Republicans got beat. O' yeah?

Sam Morse is always lording it over other people because he is a grandpa. Well, the rest of us could be grandparents, too, if we had any children, and they had children.

F. O. Robbins (Ranse Oliver) doesn't want people to know he writes poetry. They might get to thinking he is one of those goofy guys. Did you see that poem in last Sunday's Chronicle signed "Ranse Oliver?" He claims he didn't send it in.—

After working hard on a very successful edition of The Californian for the Carmel Legion auxiliary, Katie Brocklebank is sure she doesn't want to be an editor.

Jim Thoburn (along with the other council members) is glad Thanksgiving is here. He can eat turkey and everybody else will be eating turkey dinner and they won't be asking him what he thinks of the firehouse falling down.

There's a stray dog at our house and my papa's going to drown him," said a little girl on Lincoln street. "Drown him?" gasped the neighbor's little girl. "Yes, he's going to put him in the pond."

Charles Frank don't have no luck at all, according to his own estimates. At a Grange party the other night he had a score of 141. So did four others. Four turkeys were left to be divided among the prize winners, and he cut low. The market is full of turkeys. Mr. Frank.

Pat fell off of a tall building. On his way down a feller in a parachute passed him. "You dom, sissy," said Pat.

"Did your wife ever look straight into your eyes and say goo-goo'?"
"No. She's cross eyed."

"Can you tell me what's the hardest thing to beat?"
"Give it up."
A hardboiled egg."

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Mrs. Mulligan's Garbage Pail

A Monologue. By Katherine Brocklebank.

"Yep, mister, sure am tickled you noticed how pretty the rear of this buldin' looks. Just as tidy as the front' now ain't it? Even the garbage pails—Oh, sure I'm the janitor. Yep, you bet. The manager ain't in, that's why I'm showin' you this apartment. Swell, ain't it? Of course it ain't got much view but there's lotsa sun and a frigid-air—"

"Yep, Mrs. Mulligan used to live in it. I mean this apartment, this very one, number ten, and say, I never seen a garbage pail so neat. She'd always keep it lined with yesterdeys' newspapers. Oh sure, it was sweet and clean as the day the manager bought it for her three years ago. Yep, you bet. Why say, she'd dump her garbage in a paper bag and twist the top so's none of it would spill out. What? Oh sure she was nice and considerate. She was that kind. Tidy as all get-out. Some folks has been mean enough to say that's why Mr. Mulligan left her. Too fuss-budgety they say, to suit him. Drove him coo-coo so one day he ups and leaves her flat. Nope, he never did come back. Oh sure, she devorced him. Desertion you know, but she didn't care. Says he was too sloppy around the house anyhow and—

Excuse me a minute, I think I hear my wife yellin' for me. Don't go, I'll be right back"

"Yep, that was the old woman all right. Wanted me to mop the kitchen floor. Says I tracked in some dirt. Now, ain't that just like a wife? Always peckin' at a man. Oh, you ain't married. Well, if I had it to do over again I wouldn't be neither, you bet."

"Where was I? Oh sure, in Mrs. Mulligan's garbage pail. Now I always says you can judge folkses character by their garbage pails. just like some people's reads character in faces or hands or cards or stars and such things, but me, I judge 'em by their garbage pails, you bet. Oh sure, I empty 'em every morning as regular as clock-work. What? Nope, I dont' mind it."

"Funny thing about smells though. Now some folkes can't stand the smell of perfumery.Others says the smell of onions makes 'em sick to their stommicks. But me, I hate the smell of paint. Oh sure, it's the turpentine all right, you bet. It always makes me feel like throwin' up. And say, there was a man once, one of our tenants, that moved out just because he couldn't bear the smell of the daisy bush outside his window. Says it smelt just like—Heck! There's the old woman callin' me again. Don't go, mister, I'll be right back."

"Well, what do you think she wanted this time? Notice I got my coat on, ain't you? Oh sure, says it looks messy showin' apartments in my under shirt. Apartment don't look no different than it did before I put my coat on, does it? Nope, you bet. That's what I says."

"What? Oh sure I smoke. Thanks. But I dasn't smoke in the house. The old woman would throw a fit. Says it smells up the curtains. Not any worse then bacon fat I says, and I get ashes all over everything. Wives is pickey, ain't they? Oh, that's right you ain't married. I keep forgettin."

"Where was I before I had to put on my coat? Oh, sure, I was sayin' I could read character in garbage pails, you bet."

"Now you take Mrs. Purdy that lives in Apartment eight. You'd think she was livin' in a Palace, the haughty way she parades out the front door. Snooty as all get-out. Her eyebrows is raised so high they almost disappear in her front bangs, and she talks sort of English, exceptin' when she gets mad and forgets. But, say, you just ought to see her garbage pail once. Sure. She just opens the back door, without botherin' even to come out. Just stands in the doorway and slings her rubbish at the pail. Yep, sometimes it lands smack inside, but most of the time it just sticks around on the outside. She never bothers to put the lid on. Sloppy? I'll say it's sloppy. I have to hose out that pail thorough every week, inside and out. Yep, you bet. Now I says a lady that's as messy as that, ain't got a orderly mind. And she ain't neither. She two-times her husband. How do I know? Well I ain't exactly dumb. Nope, I ain't exactly dumb, you bet.'

"You see it's this way. Mr. Purdy say if there's one thing he hates it's bananas. He won't never allow 'em in the apartment. I know because a delivery boy left a bunch with the groceries by mistake one day and Mr. Purdy likely had a fit. Seems like he got sick on 'em once. What? Nope, Mrs. Purdy don't like 'em neither. Yep, she's good-lookin all right, but she leans too much to fat to suit me. Nope, she won't touch bananas on account of that. But there's a guy, a bachelor like you, he is, that lives on the ground floor. Yep, you bet, in apartment one. Nope, he can't hear me, he's moved away. Well it's funny about folkes taste, ain't it? If ever a guy loves bananas it's him. Say, he takes to bananas like some guys takes to drink. Seems like he was always munchin' on 'em. Oh sure, he must of ett ten a day. I know because his garbage pail was piled high with them peels every mornin.' Now I says that just goes to show the character of the man. Weak. Can't even resist a banana."

"What's that got to do with Mrs. Purdy was one of them travelin' men, Well, you see it was this way, Mr. Purdy was on of them travelin' men, canned goods I think it was. Oh sure. Well, ever time he'd go out of town, why the very next mornin' Mrs. Purdy's garbage pail was chock-a-block with banana peels and the

MACBETH'S

A large assortment of

CHINTZ

75c per yard and up

36 and 50 inches wide

● This adopted state of mine is God's country, chiefly because it is a Gas country. Praise be to Gas Heating I say every winter when I set a little dial to get good wholesome, healthy heat.

I don't see why Californians bother with any other kind of winter fuel. I've tried them all back East and in the Mid-West. Out here with the low cost Gas Heating rate you are money ahead by using clean, convenient Gas fuel which comes delivered in a pipe and burns without smudgy smoke, smell or soot.

These new self-starting, self-running Gas Circulating heaters with Thermostat Heat Control are the finest heating devices I've ever seen. They are beautifully designed, are inexpensive to buy, and cost very little to operate.

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bachelor guy's didn't have a one in it. Oh sure, I always says I can read character in—"

"Say, you ain't in a hurry, are you? That's my wife yellin' for me again. One dang thing after the other! You're lucky you ain't married. I'll be right back."

"Well, it was my shavin' soap this time. Says I splatter it all over the bath room right after she cleans it up too. Oh sure, I always shave every day. She makes me. Sometimes I wish I ain't been so soft and stayed a bachelor. I had more independenee and only shaved when I felt like it. How often was that? Oh, about, once a week, exceptin' if it was somethin' special like goin' to a picture show or —I ain't keepin' you, am I? My wife says I gas too much."

"Oh sure, it's a nice aparatment all right, you bet. But I get kinder sad when I look at Mrs. Mulligan's garbage pail and think how it used to be. I used to hold her up to the other tenants, I says, 'Now just look at the tidy way Mrs. Mulligan keeps her garbage pail.' Sorter to give 'em a hint you know. What? Nope, they just laughed and pays me no attention. Oh sure, after Mr. Mulligan walks out on her that way, I talks to her a lot. Sort of got to know her. Kinder lonely she was. He didn't leave her no money. Nope, not a cent. Stingy h was. What? Nope, she wa:n't good-lookin'. Just kinder plain and neat like her garbage pail though I sure admire a tidy lady. Yep, you bet."

"Oh sure, I study garbage pails, just like some folks study paintin 'or writin', and I sure can read their characters. I never make no mistake neither, you bet.

"Take poor little Mrs. Smithkins now, that lives in apartment seven. She ain't never been over strong and her husband, he has to do most of the housework and cookin' for her. And all the peopls says what a swell husband he is and ain't he a grand guy and all things like that. But me, I never trust him ,you bet. Why? Well, you see it was this way. It was sorter natural of him to dump the garbage, him doin' the cookin' and such. Oh sure, he was neat all right, but not so neat as Mrs. Mulligan though. Nobody was. But he was kinder sly, the way he'd empty the refuse. He'd look all around to see if anybody was lookin 'and then, quick he'd dump it in. He was sneaky all right. Nope, I didn't trust him."

"Well, one day my wife had kittens. I mean her mama cat did. Oh sure, we allow cats in the apartments. Dogs too, and children. Oh sure, we like 'em. Yep, you bet What? Say, they don't make no more mess or noise or damage then the grown-ups does at their ever-lastin' parties. Nope, you bet."

"Well, as I was sayin', Mrs. Smithkins took a awful' shine to one of the kittens. She was always kinder lonesome poor thing, her not bein' able to get about much, so right away I give it to her. But Mr. Smithkins, he hollers somethin' terrible. Seems like he don't like cats, but his wife begs so hard to keep it that he does. She had it about a week and I never seen a lady love a coat so much. She couldn t have no children. And then it disappeared. The kitten did, I mean. She cried and cried, poor thing, and Mr. Smithkins he says it's too bad but he guesses somebody must of stole it. Nope, I never did tell nobody, but I found it in the garbage pail. Oh sure, he'd killed it all right. Mean he was, downright mean. Say, if you think I can't read peoples' character in gar— You ain't goin', are you? Oh sure, you can look out the front windows for a change. Yep, you bet."

"But the saddest of all was about poor little Miss Paddy. She was kinder youngish and pretty. She used to live in apartment five. Quiet, she was and sorter dreamy. When she first moved in I had it figured that she must of ett out because I could never find no garbage in her pail, only some faded flowers wrapped careful-like in newspapers. Yep, she was crazy about flowers all right. She says to me one mornin', and there was tears in her eyes, 'Gus,' she says. Yep, that's my name, Gus. 'Gus', she says sorter soft like. 'I can't bear to throw these poor flowers away even when they're dead. Dear things, they have to die too, just like we do, don't they? 'Yep, that's what she says to me. Oh sure, she wrote poems, but I don't think she could sell many of 'em. She give me one once but I went and lost it. All about birds and stars and moonbeams and flowers and grass. Pretty, it was, and kinder sad."

"Well, one day I notice how thin she's gettin' and I watch awful close, and all I ever find in her garbage pail is dead flowers. Oh, sure, once in a while she'd get a dollar for one of her poems and what do you think she'd buy with it? Food? Nope, just flowers. Yep, you bet. Oh sure, I'd sneak up to her back door sometimes and leave her some little snack of mine. Not much, but it'd keep her from starvin'. I gues she ett it all right. Every crumb too because I never found nothin' in the pail. Nope, not even any dead flowers no more."

"But the manager's kinder hard-boiled. Oh sure, he got to be I guess. She was three months behind in her rent and he says she'd ought to of paid somethin' on it instead of buyin' herself flowers all the time. Yep after he'd kicked her out they found her body in the river. Oh sure, I knew she had the soul of a flower all along. Yep, you bet, I can read folkes characters in their—Now ain't that the limit? She's hollerin' for me again. If you ever want any peace, don't never get soft and marry, no matter how—Don't go, I'll be right back."

"Well, I wasn't very long that time, was I mister? What do you think the old woman says to me? She says I've already gassed more than I should of and are you goin' to leave a deposit?"

"Oh, you ain't goin to take the apartment after all? Think you'll live in a place where they got incinerators. Well, now that's too bad. I was kinder hopin you'd like it here."

"What happened to Mrs. Mulligan? Oh sure, I married her. Yep, you bet."

"You would be a good dancer, Liza, but for two things."

"And they are—?"

"Your feet."

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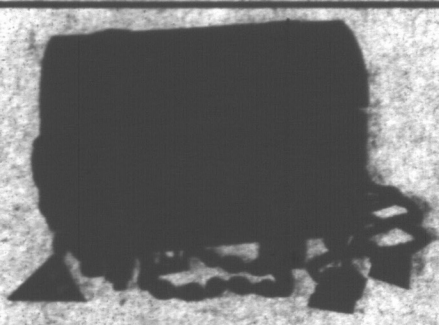

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CALIFORNIANA

By Federal Wriers' Project

Is Siskiyou an Indian name? It sounds like it, but if you think so you're wrong. In the year, 1832, a French explorer, traveling through what is now Siskiyou county, came to a certain river. Looking for a ford, he found a shallow place where six large stones made a natural crossing. He called the ford "Six Cailloux," (pronounced Sees-kye-you") French for "Six Stones." Corrupted into its present form, Siskiyou has thus become the name of a California county, and a range of mountains.

A self-execution by a man condemned to die is recorded in the early annals of California, and took place at Placerville in 1850, according to federal writers.

A jovial son of Erin, known as Irish Dick, killed a gambler who he believed had cheated him in a card game. He had waylaid the gambler after the game, accused him of cheating, and in the altercation that followed, shot him.

Irish Dick was "lynched" for the killing, but given a trial before an improvised court of miners and gamblers. He was found guilty and condemned to die. He had been a jolly good fellow about town and no one could be found to perform the execution.

But Irish Dick solved this problem by agreeing to hang himself, and was permitted to arrange all details, even selecting the tree from which he was to swing. The lynchers provided the rope and the signal of death was to be given by the sheriff by dropping a silk handkerchief.

With the noose properly adjusted around his neck and carrying the loose end of the rope, Irish Dick climbed the tree and on a high limb securely tied it. Standing on the limb he made a brief speech in which he bade his friends good-bye. Then he indicated all was ready for the sheriff.

The sheriff slowly drew the handkerchief out of his pocket, held it poised while he counted three and let it drop. Like a meteor Irish Dick's body shot into space and stopped with a sudden thud as the rope jerked taut. His neck was neatly broken in the drop. Loud cheers greeted the heroic maneuver. The body was cut down and given a respectable burial by admiring friends.

Louise E. Taber, in her stories of California Gold Rush Days, tells many interesting things over the radio, and her tales are published in a series of five booklets, priced at 25 cents each. Each magazine provides several hours' thrilling reading. In No. 2, one of the most interesting is that of "Old Time Colorful Sonora."

She tells of how in 1848 Rev. James Woods headed a party of Philadelphians on a trip to the coast. These people settled on the banks of a stream they named Woods creek which was later the southern frontier of "remarkable mining operations. These Philadelphians found along this stream gold in such abundance * * * that the news spread and brought a great flood of immigrants * * *"

She tells of a Spanish doctor with a group of Spaniards, Italians and French, who stopped in Tuolumne county and with their knives for tools took out fifty ounces of gold per man each day, until the Indians became resentful and slaughtered forty-eight of them.

Woods and his men encouraged a group of Mexicans who came overland by the old Mission road and had taken the crosscut from Monterey to Mission San Jose then over to the Sierra Nevada, to stay until they, the Woods party, learned how to pan gold and then made it so unpleasant the Mexicans moved on and settled on the spot known as Sonora. These Mexicans struck it very rich here. They built adobe houses and set about enjoying life. Other people hearing of their good times made it a point to go to Sonora for Saturday nights' revels.

And later, these "visitors" drove the Mexicans out and by 1852 Sonora even had a church. And the church was built by volunteer labor, there being almost as many volunteers as there were boards in the building.

"Gold was so plentiful that a day's wages was anywhere from $500 to $1500 according to the luck of the miners."

A minister who was performing the last rites at a graveside saw a nugget in the ground as the coffin was being lowered and stopped and wrote out his notice and placed in under his foot and went on with his reading. He had filed a claim on the cemetery.

The Herald was the first paper issued in Sonora and was started July 4, 1850. The first numbers were on paper nine by thirteen inches and a year's subscription was $25. A single copy was fifty cents. (Truly them was the good old days.)

This is only a small fraction of even this one story and if you see a copy of "California Gold Rush Days," you'll buy it if you are interested in early California history. It is printed by the Stanford Unversity Press.

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A man is the only animal that can be skinned more than once.

Giving Hollywood a Tumble

By Katherine Brocklebank

This interesting letter comes up from the Film Capital written by Welford Beaton, eminent Hollywood critic.

"Ordinarily I permit time and chance to fulfill any desires I may have to meet personally some player whose performances on the screen have given me the impression that acquaintance with him or her would prove agreeable. There is one gentleman, however, whom my desire to ~~at~~ has been growing ever since I saw him on the screen some months ago, finally growing so strong that I yielded to it. journeyed to his home in San Fernando Valley and asked if I might be permitted to make his personal acquaintance, offering as an excuse only my admiration for him as a personality and a screen artist. Being told I would be received, I followed Carl Spitz, (a man not a dog) through several gates until I came into the presence of Buck, the magnificent Saint Bernard of "Call of the Wild" and other films, and the artist I wished to meet personally. Following the introductory ceremony, marked by my unsuccessful attempt to register as great a degree of dignity as Buck displayed, I had a long chat with Carl about his method of developing dogs into motion picture actors. What I wanted to know first was how long a dog had to live with an actor before appearing in scenes in which he had to sustain the impression that he really belonged to the actor. Buck meanwhile had wandered off on a sniffing expedition, having at no time shown the slightest interest in my existence. Carl called Buck back, then told me to walk around the yard and to pay no attention to the dog. Buck looked intently at Carl, Carl gave a slight signal with his hand, walked away and Buck followed me wherever I went, Caressingly rubbing his body against my leg, lifting his great head to look up at me, giving a perfect performance of a dog registering love for his master. That suggested another interesting question; How would Carl get Buck to cease being my dog? I stopped in front of Carl and asked it, Buck sticking to me and showing no interest in his owner. Carl tossed a pebble a dozen feet in front of me. "Buck will follow you that far, then will return to me." he said. That is what happened. In obedience to some signal Buck must have received when he was walking away from Carl, he abruptly ceased being my dog and again concentrated on his sniffing.

When Carl gets a call for a dog, he does not know whether the canine actor is going to be asked to lie luxuriously in front of a fire, climb a ladder, chase a burglar or bite a villain. Every scene presents its own problem and Carl does not know what it is going to be, consequently he can not prepare the dog in advance to meet the demands made upon it. I asked him about that. "You're the director," Carl replied. "Tell me what you want Buck to do." I suggested that he take something from the top of a rustic table standing beneath a tree, go under the table with it, and stand there with it in his mouth. I realized that since sound came in, dogs can not be directed by word of mouth as in the silent days. Carl placed his hand on Buck's head and advanced with him to the table upon which a rolled up newspaper had been placed, pointed to the paper, which Buck picked up, and then pointed beneath the table. Buck dropped the papet and started to go under the table; Carl stopped him with a word, he picked up the paper, and finished the routine. He went through it again rather dubiously, and with Carl's hand still on his head. Carl told me the usual practice was to rehearse a dog five times. At my suggestion he let Buck go it alone after two rehearsals. The dog advanced by himself to the table, sniffed the paper and went under the table without it. Another rehearsal, and then Buck went through the routine without faltering, performing after three rehearsals with assurance and speed. Carl informed me that never before has Buck been called upon to do anything like it. He said he had no trick dogs, only actors who would do anything reasonable after five rehearsals, and that, I thought, is about all we expect of human actors.

As a parting gesture the magnificent Buck acted as my dog again, even to the extent of following me into my car. When the act was over, I let him out the other side as he is too big to turn around inside."

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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH

"Ancient and Modern Necromancy alias Mesmerism and Hypnotism, Denounced," will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon Sunday, November 29 in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, branches of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ Scientist, in Boston, Mass.

The Golden Text will be: "It is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." (Matthew 4: 10). Other Bible citations will include: "There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times or an enchanter, or a witch * * * For these nations, which thou shalt possess, hearkened unto observers of times, and unto diviners: but as for thee, the Lord thy God hath not suffered thee so to do." (Deut. 18: 10, 14).

The Lesson-Sermon will also include the following passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy: "Divine Mind rightly demands man's entire obedience, affection, and strength. No reservation is made for any lesser loyalty. Obedience to Truth gives man power and strength. Submission to error superinduces loss of power."

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Bill—"I saw you coming home from a funeral today. Who was lead?"

"My old friend Jones."

"Jones' Why there's hundreds of Jones' which one was it."

Bill—"The one in the hearse."

"If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous he will not bite you; that is the principal difference between a dog and a man."

Well, I certainly hope our two-legged friends won't forget us pooches on the 26th of November. And when you're filling up those Thanksgiving baskets wouldn't it be a perfectly doggy idea to tuck in a couple of lappy laps for those less fortunate canine and feline people who beg so silently for just a little attention? Or make up some special sort of baskets of their very own with hamburger, vegetables, canned dog food, dog biscuits and some nice big crunchy bones, fish and liver for Mr. Puss and I'm drooling down the front of my vest just thinking about it!

Was nosing around the Point the other day trying to pick up the scent of a couple of lost Irish Setters when I ran into a grumpy old woman with a pair of mean eyes. One orb was cocked sourly at a nice young lady who was politely telling about the Irish Setter she had found. The other ornery lamp was lit with icy focus on me. "No," the old dame snapped, "I don't know who owns it and what's more I kick all dogs off my place. I don't like 'em. They chase my cats."

Now I ask you, pals, has that got any horse sense to it, or any other kind of sense for that matter? What about cats chasing birds, and Sparrow Hawks killing smaller birds? And birds chasing poor innocent little bugs and worms and bugs killing plants and flowers? And human beings killing cattle, hogs, lambs, chickens, fish; and oh, don't forget the beautiful quail and handsome gobblers! To say nothing of chasing trains, and catching 'em cometimes. No. I must howl to the world there isn't any dog-gone logic to that human argument a-tall! It's just nature, dear old nature sprouting up to make life more interesting. Ain't it grand?

And now a short paws for my correspondence. This from a small, curly-headed Japanese Spaniel, "Dear Sir Puppy Pooch: For the last week I've had a canker or chummy flea or nit or some phony Communist in my left ear and my mistress doesn't know what to do about it. It's affected me morally and made a nervous wreck of me! Can't you suggest a painless remedy? Yours twitchingly. Itchy Scratchy."

Dear Miss Scratchy: Nits in the ears are certainly the nerts. I know just how you feel, I've had 'em in mine many times, all sizes, all kinds and all colors. But my mistress cured my uncomfortable ears by putting a pinch of powdered Boracic Acid in each ear every few days. You'll find this simple treatment quite cleansing and soothing. It's a poochy idea to have this done every few months anyway. Of course if there's something really serious the matter with your ears, see a doctor. And if you think a Communist has snuck in call up the American Legion Club immediately and they'll have one of their Legionnaires extract him without cost.

And so to bed—on a mat on the back porch.

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By Katherine Brocklebank.

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The United States Civil Service Commission has announced open competitive examinations as follows:

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